Alone Together | Dylan Klebold

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Request: The reader and Dylan go out on a date and he eats her out in the back of the car.

"Get out my side," he mumbled softly, motioning you towards him as he pushed himself further into the seat. You complied with his request, sliding over to the middle seat and he moved quickly to the side of the car, his eyes never leaving yours. You watched as he lived and released a chuckle/breathe when you, stumbling over your own feet as you tried to climb after him. "I'm welcomed," he mumbled, slowly. You giggled and swayed your head from side to side, your hair falling in front of your face as you looked down at the floor. You bit your bottom lip as you looked up from your head and looked at him, your eyes meeting his as he looked back at the door and then at you. You took a deep breath in as you watched him lean over you, his body hovering over yours as he reached over you and pulled the door shut, the slam echoing in your ears as you watched him lean back over you. "You're so pretty," he mumbled, his eyes looking you over as he leaned back over you. "You seriously opened up the door just to tell me that?" You mumbled, your head falling back against the seat as you looked at him, your eyes meeting his as he looked over you. "I'm just making sure you're okay," he mumbled, his head falling down to your neck as he pressed kisses to your neck. You sighed softly, your head falling back against the seat as you looked at him, your eyes meeting his as he looked over you. "You're so pretty," he mumbled, his head falling down to your neck as he pressed kisses to your neck. "And what would you like to drink with that?" You asked, turning to look at him. "Dr. Pepper," he mumbled, kissing one of his hands sexually as he kissed against the seat. He rose his head up from your neck and looked at you, his eyes meeting yours as the paper when you mumbled in shock at his nonchalance. "Really," he asked, softening his voice as he sensed your discomfort. You nodded your head, looking down at the floor as you looked back up at him, your eyes meeting his.

"You decide on what you want?" The waitress asked, returning to the table. He paused and looked to you, his eyes meeting yours, mumbling barely above his breath, "Uh, yeah, can I have the cranberry barbecue chicken?" You asked, looking down at the menu and then looking back at him before she turned to look at you. They both glanced down at you, watching you timidly scan through the pages while muttering, "Uh, how about the mushroom and swiss burger?" You asked, looking at him. "Perfect," she mumbled, before you agreed to her, a long time to look at the menu. You looked back at him, your eyes meeting his as he looked back at you, your head falling back against the seat as you looked at him, your eyes meeting his as he looked over you. "You're so pretty," he mumbled, his head falling down to your neck as he pressed kisses to your neck. "Thank you," you mumbled